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George Ford's comic collection

London

[18--]

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GEORGE FORD'S

COMIC COLLECTION

Of Favorite Songs, as sung by G. Ford at the various public places of amusement,

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Card Parties. A Dream of the times

Transmigration of Souls.

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As sung by Mr. G. Ford and written by Hardwick

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As one by one our friends deprrt—Thornton.

The Quiet Heart.—Thornton.

Alone by the Ocean.—Thornton.

To a Friend.—Thornton.

Oh sing no more that song to me.

Joy in every face is beaming.—L. M Thornton.

Answer to "Good Bye Sweetheart Good Bye".—L. M. Thornton.

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Angels of the House, the

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I guess you'll be there

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Without sunshine there's no hay

Maids of merry England

When I met thee first in love

The merry days of old

Nine men to make a tailor

Oh Charming May

Oh, and he loved me dearly

The Old village chimes. Hardwick

Afloat on the Ocean

I should like to Marry Jim Baggs, the Musician, both by Labern

Mild as the moon beams

LONDON: Pattie, 31, Paternoster Row, E.C.

SWEARING DEATH.

Glee.—Music at all music publishers.

Swearing death to traitor slave,
Hands we clench and swords we draw,
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.
Heaven defend the true and brave,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi.

Hearts and hands with all conspire,
Rebels threats we'll overawe,
Till life's last throb expires,
Vive Le Roi, Vive Le Roi, &c.

THE COT WHERE I WAS BORN

I've roamed beneath a foreign sky,
Where beautious flowers grew,
Where all was lovely to the eye,
And dazzling to the view.
I've seen them graced by night's pale tear,
Bedecked by radiant morn:
But never found a spot so dear
As the cot where I was born.

Can wealth or titles compensate
The want of friendship's glow?
Can gaudy pageants, earthly state,
So bright a gem bestow?
To me such joys are cold indeed,
They hold the heart forlorn;
Give me the spot I love so dear,
The cot where I was born.

WHEN I MET THEE FIRST IN LOVE.

Music published by Wessel.

When I met thee first in May,
From my dreams will ne'er depart,
For the germ of love that day,
Had been planted in my heart;
A bud was in the bower,
Where we heard the throstle sing,
And my love was like that flower,
When first we met in spring.

When next again we met,
It was summer's glowing prime,
And my love grown stronger yet,
Took its ardours from the time;
There was fruit upon the bough,
As we watched the sun decline,
And I thought the fruit was now,
Like that ripened love of mine.

Robed in autumn's mellow suit,
Did we next that bower see,
And the blossom, and the fruit,
Had been gathered from the tree;
And I said my love alone,
Would in winter ne'er decay,
So I won thee for mine own,
As the bride I wooed in May

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE

'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stray,
That give us blissful dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day.
But there's an angel by the home,
Meek, watchful, and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us
When none beside are near;
It is the one, the chosen one,
That's looked to us for life;
The angel of the happy home,
The faithful, trusting wife.

'Tis said that angels walk the earth,
I'm sure it must be so,
When round our path, scarce seen by us,
Such bright things come and go.
Are there not beings by our side,
As fair as angels are,
As pure, as stainless, as the forms
That dwell beyond the star?
Yes, there are angels of the earth,
Pure, innocent, and mild,
The angels of our hearts and homes,
Each loved and loving child.

OH! AND HE LOVED ME DEARLY

From Miss P. Horton's Entertainment.

There was a young man came a courting of me—
Singing; "Oh! my dear, and I love you dearly"
The nicest young man as ever I did see,
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"
He was so tall and he was so smart,
When he asked I to marry him it made I start,
And his words went right clean through my heart
Singing "Oh! and I love you dearly!"

Says he, "I must manage to find two pound ten,
Singing, "Oh! my dear, and I love your dearly!
And as soon as I get it, we'll be married then:
For it's oh; and I love you dearly!
'Tis to pay clerk and parson and the ring to buy."
"I've got the money in the saving-bank myself," said I;
"Will you lend it me?" "Of course I will," was my reply,
"For its oh! and I love you dearly!

When five golden sovereigns to him I lent—
Singing, "Oh? my dear, and I love you dearly!
And he showed I the ring, and I felt quite content—
Singing, Oh! and I love you dearly!
"I'll be off to the parson, at once, says he:
So he did, and got married, but it war nt to me;
And my money nor my lover never more did I see,
And its oh; that he loved me dearly!

MORAL.

Now all you young women take a warning of me
When they say "My dear, oh! I love you dearly!
Never lend chaps your money as I did to he—
Singing, "Oh! and I love you dearly!
If they cant find the money to buy the rings,
Who's to pay for the victuals and such like things,
For its often for your money, that a fellow sings
That its "Oh! but I love you dearly!

DO YOU REALLY THINK SHE DID?

I WAITED till twilight, and yet she did not come,
I roam'd along the brook side, and slowly wandered home,
When who should come behind me, but her I should have chid,
She said she came to find me, do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did?
She said she came to meet me,
Do you really think she did?

She said when first she saw me, life seem'd to her divine,
Each night she dreamt of angels, and every face was mine,
Sometimes a voice in sleeping, would all her hopes forbid,
And then she'd waken weeping, do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did?
She said she'd waken weeping,
Do you really think she did?

She said since last we parted, she thought of naught so sweet
As of this very moment, that we should meet;
She show'd where half a cottage homely she had shaded,
She said for me she had made it, do you really think she did?

Do you really, really think she did?
She said for me she made it,
Do you really think she did?

YESTERDAY TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

Words and music by Charles Mackay.
Musical Treasury 881—2.

The breath of morn the opning Rose,
The sun that shines above,
The happy birds that soar and sing,
The lips that whisper love,
Old yesterday, though he be dead,
Took none of these away,
He could not steal them if he tried,
But left them for to-day.

To-day shall not exhaust the gifts,
He's lib'ral in his turn,
But when he dies shall ice not freeze
And true affection burn,
But dark to-morrow let him come,
We'll face him as we may,
We'll change his name, but not his heart,
And greet him as to-day.

ENGLAND FOR THE ENGLISH.

Sung by Mr. J. H. Cave. J. A. Hardwick.
(Music at White's, Oxford St.)

Eight hundred years are nearly o'er,
Since a foe invaded Englands' shore;
And Freedom's flag, still here unfurled,
In the only free land of the world,
Protests the right, defies the wrong,
Can succour the weak, and punish the strong;
And no invading foreign horde
Shall e'er land on Albion's sea-board.

For England for the English,
Old England for the English;
We'll aid the distressed—tyrant—oppressed,
But England for the English!

Shall we transmit the brand of shame,
To our sons, that we submitted tame,
To foreign aggression, of church, or state?
No!—we spurn their power, and scorn their hate.
We hardy Islanders can hold,
With hands as strong, and hearts as bold
Our arm, as when, with victories,
Great Blake, or Nelson swept the seas.

England for the English,
Old England for the English;
We'll aid the distressed—despot—oppressed,
But England for the English.

Let them seek our land, as guests, who will,
Of all creeds, We'll protect them still;
But alien masters we've ne'er obeyed,
Nor will we be, by them betrayed,
And our Rulers must, with sword, or pen,
Act *like*, as well as *be* Englishmen;
For the British Lion watch he keepeth,
He is not dead, but only sleepeth,
So England for the English,
Old England for the English;
Spite of War's alarms—and Europe in arms,
Lets keep England for the English.

THE WISHING-GATE

'Twas a Michaelmas eve, and rather late,
Young Fanny went out to the Wishing-gate;
For often she'd heard the gossips tell
That was the spot where the fairies dwell;
The fairies who granted to maidens dear,
Whatever they asked at that time of year;
So Fanny she went,—her luck to try
At the wishing-gate 'neath the starlight sky,
But yet you shall hear, when the tale I state,
That young Fanny repented the Wishing-gate.

"I wish for"—"I wish for,"—and there she sighed.
"I wish I'd a carriage, and grooms beside,
I wish I had jewels—a wardrobe fine—
Oh! What a dash at the ball I'd shine!
I'd marry the richest in all the land,
And nobles and princes should ask my hand;—
And as to young Harry—but never mind,—
He must think himself happy to ride behind.
Oh! little she knew, the truth I state,
Young Harry stood close to the Wishing-gate.

When Fanny went home, as the story's told,
She had heaps of fine dresses and fairy gold;
Her footmen awaited their lady's call,
And she went in her carriage to grace the ball;
Young Harry was there but he knew her not,
Each youth that approach'd her soon fled from the spot;
For though all her raiment was rich and gay,
Her face was bewrinkled, her hair turned grey;
So maidens beware of poor Fanny's fate,
Don't ask for too much at the wishing-gate.

AS ONE BY ONE OUR FRIENDS DEPART.

By L. M. Thornton.

As one by one our friends depart,
So long united to the heart,
In joy and sorrow too;
Thou also didst weep forgive the tear,
Who didst console, now deign to cheer,
Who cried fear not bid us not fear,
And peace of mind review.

At best but a few years can glide,
Ere each shall join the lov'd one's side,
Soul cheering promise given!
They are not lost but gone before,
Have cross'd the river reach'd the shore!
And from the'eternal heights look o'er,
And beckon us to heaven.

THE QUIET HEART.

By L. M. Thornton.

I ask'd a rosy lass one day,
What made her always look so gay!
You toil and very hard I said,
Before you break your daily bread.
Yes, was the innocent reply,
Yet happy still—you ask me why,
I ne'er let Discontent intrude,
Upon the bosom's quetitude.

I took the lesson with me home,
To profit by in days to come;
Not riches then that doth bestow,
The comfort which we all would know.
Sweet Resignation—only thou,
Canst cheer the heart and light the brow,
Sweet Resignation—only thou
Canst cheer the heart and light the brow.

ALONE BY THE OCEAN.

By L. M. Thornton.

Alone by the ocean,
At evening I stray!
The glorious sunbeams,
Are faded away,
With shells and with pebbles,
The children depart;
To visit in slumbers,
Sweet dreams of the heart.

They have their bright season,
And I have had mine,
Ere stern fate had doom'd me,
My all to resign.
When into one bosom,
My woes I could pour;
That now lash as waves do,
A desolate shore.

TO A FRIEND.

On her Requesting me to "Let her off one Sunday." By L. M. Thornton.

Sadly and gloomy now,
Passes the day;
What would it be, love
If you were away!

Where this vast city then,
Wandering through;
Should I find any one,
Equal to you.

Blest but when near thee love,
Sad when away;
How can I dearest then
Spare you that day.

OH SING NO MORE THAT SONG TO ME.

By L. M. Thornton.

Oh, sing no more that song to me,
I cannot bear it now;
There was a time when I could sit,
And be as blithe as thou.
And sing the very song which I,
To night refuse to hear;
I heard it sung in happier days,
A stranger to despair.

Among this friendly group I know,
Are some who'll rise and sing,
Those songs which shall the spirits cheer,
While time is on the wing.
But oh! the ballad you propose
Would only make me weep;
And bitter recollections rouse,
Which at this moment sleep.

JOY IN EVERY FACE IS BEAMING.

THE TIDINGS OF PEACE. By L. M. Thornton.

Joy in every face is beaming,
Hearts beat high and voices ring,
War no longer slays its thousands,
Lo the olive branch we bring,
Shout then England raise your voices,
High as heaven's eternal throne,
Change the war drum to the Tabor,
Swords to ploughshares—peace is known.

Henceforth down the cheek of beauty,
Shall no tears of sorrow fall,
Wives no longer see their partners,
Drop beneath the vengeful ball.
Lisping babes the parents treasure,
Still shall own a fathers hand,
Peace with her twin sister Plenty,
Reign triumphant o'er the land.

ANSWER TO "GOOD BYE SWEETHEART GOOD BYE"

Air—Good Bye Sweetheart.—Thornton.

When first affection's vow you plighted,
I own it was by me beleived,
You ask the truth you ne'er have slighted,
Nor once deceived, nor once deceived!
Your country calls you, haste away,
Perchance to conquer or to die;
And my sad looks not lips now say,
Good bye sweetheart, good bye.

The sun is high the flowers are blooming,
The Cuckoo's note is heard afar;
You go to hear a sound how dreary,
The blast of war, the blast of war,
For the last time your hand I take,
Mid tears we dimly each descry;
Would I could die love for your sake,
Ere call'd to say good bye

NEW AND FAVORITE SONGS.

WITHOUT SUNSHINE THERE'S NO HAY.

A fond youth long did sigh for a damsel whose eye
Like the stars in the heavens did shine;
So one Valentine's day, he found courage to say,
Wilt thou, dearest maiden, be mine?
But this maiden so coy, she called him a boy,
And her heart she refused to resign,
Till of years half a score, at least, if not more,
Prov'd that patience with love he'd combine,

Now the ten years were passed, and the lady was asked
By her lover, once more, to comply,
But of beaux she'd so many, she could not find any
To choose—so she said,—by and by!
Thus she flirted all day as the years passed away,
Till one morning her lover appeared,
With—sad to relate—not a hair on his pate,
And as white as the snow was his beard.

Then she cried,—dearest youth, I'm convinced of your truth,
I'll accept, if you'll not think me bold!
But her old lover said, with a shake of the head,
Don't you think, miss, we're rather too old?
So young maidens take care, of flirting beware,
Nor turn from a true heart away,
Lest repenting too late, as the old proverbs state,
Without sunshine you'll find there's no hay.

I GUESS YOU'LL BE THERE.

When the sun has gone down like a king to his rest,
In the bright palace-halls of the far golden west;
When his last fading beams seem to smile an adieu
To the flowers all bending and trembling with dew,
I've a secret to whisper alone in your ear,
So pure that a spirit might linger to hear;
By the lone willow-brook—but I shall not say where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

When the pale stars so mystic and holy arise,
In the silence of eve, in the deep azure skies;
When the glens all lie hush'd, and the world, love, is still,
And the sly moon is peeping just over you hill—
Then remember your promise the last time we met;
Ah, sure now, dear Katty, you will not forget,
By the lone willow-brook—but I need not say where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

If perchance, as you know, love, there's many a slip—
At least, so I've heard say—'twixt the cup and the lip—
Dear old grandame objects, in a very grave tone,
To young ladies wand'ring by moonlight alone.
Faith, I hope that her lecture, as usual, will close,
By the dear old soul falling into a sweet doze,
Then I'm guessing, dear Katty, with step light as air,
You'll be taking French leave, and you'll surely be there.

HOW TO ASK AND HAVE.

"Oh, 'tis time I should talk to your mother, sweet Mary," says I,
"Oh, don't talk to my mother," says Mary, beginning to cry;
"For my mother says men are deceivers, an never, I know will consent,
She says, girls in a hurry who marry, at leisure repent."

"Then suppose I should talk to your father, sweet Mary," says I,
"Oh, don't talk to my father," says Mary, beginning to cry;
"For my father he loves me so dearly, he'll never consent I should go;
If you talk to my father, says Mary, he'll surely say, No!"

"Oh, then how shall I get you, my jewel sweet Mary? says I,
If your father and mother's so cruel, most surely I'll die."
"Oh, never say die, dear, says Mary, a way now to save you I see:
Since my parents are both so contrary, you'd better ask me."

THE SCARLET FLOWER!

She's sportive as the zephyr
That sips of every sweet,
She's fairer than the fairest lily
In nature's soft retreat;
Her eyes are like the crystal brook,
As clear and bright to see;
Her lips outshine the scarlet flow'r
Of bonny Ellerslie.

Her lips, &c.

O, were my love a blossom,
When summer skies depa
I'd plant her in my bosom,
And wear her near my h
And oft I'd kiss her balmy
So beautiful to see,
Which far outshine thes
Of bonny Ellerslie.

hich far, &c.

BELIEVE ME LOVE.

Believe me, love, believe me,
I never will deceive thee—
Shall never cause thy tears to flow,
Shall never deal deception's blow,
Shall never, never prove thy foe—
Believe me, love, believe me.

Then meet me, dearest, meet me,
And with a sweet smile greet me;
Oh, meet me in yon flow'ry grove,
And, as we through its mazes rove
I'll whisper soft my tale of love—
Then meet me, dearest, meet me.

The Cottage and Mill.

Have you seen the new cottage, just built by the squire?
And is it not all a fond heart can desire?
With its pretty white gate, which half open doth stand,
And the clustering roses seem courting your hand,
In its garden so trim, that you cannot but stay
To gather the freshness, and bear them away.

Yes! often I stroll to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water-mill.

Yes! there it was, once, stood the old water-mill,
And through the green meadows there rippled the rill,
And welcome were we in the good miller's time,
When the mill and its master were both in their prime;
And oft as we joined in the gay rustic throng,
Have we chorussed the laugh, as we chorussed the song;
But now, as I stroll to the church on the hill,
I view but the ruins of cottage and mill.

Our friend has departed, the mill has decayed,
And Time, I confess, has some sad changes made;
But time, as we know, like the mill goeth round,
New faces smile kindly, with hearts full and round,
Yet fancy still echoes the merry click-clack
When neither the mill nor its labour was slack,
As I ramble, in thought, to the church on the hill,
Where I viewed the old cottage, and old water-mill.

I Guess You'll be There.

When the sun has gone down, like a king to his rest,
In the bright palace-halls of the far golden west;
When his last fading beams seem to smile an adieu,
To the flowers all bending and trembling with dew,—
I've a secret to whisper alone in your ear,
So pure, that a spirit might linger to hear;
By the lone willow brook—but I shall not say where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

When the pale stars so mystic and holy arise,
In the silence of eve, in the deep azure skies,
When the glens all lie hush'd, and the world, love, is still,
And the sly moon is peeping just over yon hill,—
Then remember your promise, the last time we met;
Ah! sure, now, dear Katty, you will not forget,
By the lone willow brook—but I need not say where,
For I guess you'll remember, and sure to be there.

If perchance, as you know, love, there's many a slip—
At least so I've heard say—'twixt the cup and the lip,
Dear old grandam objects, in a very grave tone,
To young ladies wand'ring by moonlight alone;
Faith, I hope that her lecture, as usual, will close,
By the dear old soul falling into a sweet dose;
Then, I'm guessing, dear Katty, with step light as air,
You'll be taking French leave, and you'll surely be there.

I wish I was Married.

Tune.—The dashing young Page.

I wish I was married—I do on my word.
A dull single life is so very absurd,
Here pining and whining alone all the day,
For the want of a husband to pass time away.
I wish one would ask me to say yes or no,
I'd very soon settle the matter, heigho!
My mother pretends I'm too young for a wife,
And says I shall rue all the days of my life.

Spoken.—How ridiculous she talks to be sure—I wonder if any one could have persuaded her to that? I should think not—but it's just like all mothers, they don't like us to enjoy ourselves while we may—so——

I wish I was married—I do on my word,
A dull single life is so very absurd,
Here pining and whining alone all the day,
For want of a husband to pass time away.

There's Timothy Scribble, the young lawyer's clerk,
Although he has kept all his vows in the dark,
He loves me, the brute, though he takes it quite cool,
Or else he's afraid to confess it, the fool.
If I was a man, 'gad, I'd show em what's what,
I'd tell them my mind, if I wouldn't, I'm shot—
Then why should I waste the best days of my life,
When I ought to be no more nor less than a wife?

Spoken.—Of course I ought, while I'm in my prime—if I don't go off now I shall be booked to die an old maid as safe as the Bank, I know I shall—so—

I wish, &c.

There's Sweetmeat, the grocer, just over the way,
Is sweet upon me, so it seems, for each day
He sends me nice raisins—but if he had sense,
He'd wed me at once, and save all that expense.
You'd think better never could melt in his mouth,
And he talks to me north, while he looks to the south,
Then, why should I lose the best days of my life?
I'm sure I should make him an excellent wife.

Spoken.—Oh, that I should, if he did but know it. The idea of a tradesman living single is preposterous—if he has a servant maid even to do for him it don't look well, besides, it's very dangerous for a single young man, especially if the girl's good-looking and forward—oh——

I wish, &c.

Now Pillbox, the doctor's a very nice man,
If he'd take my advice, it would be his best plan,
To marry at once, for between you and me,
Young doctors, of course, never single should be.
He couldn't do better, the silly young elf,
Than choose a respectable girl like myself.
For why should I waste the best days of my life?
I should make that young doctor a capital wife.

Spoken.—Indeed I should, though I say it myself—the bare thought of a doctor living a bachelor is abominable! Why, no gentleman with a handsome wife or daughter would patronize or recommend him, consequently he must starve like the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, and have, as Shakespeare says, "A beggarly account of empty boxes." But on the other hand, a wife would be the making of him, and there's none I could recommend so well as *myself*. I'd keep his bed warm while he was called out in the night—none of your *artificial warming pans* for me, so——

I wish, &c.

There's plenty of single young fellows about
But why they don't marry I cannot find out;
They flirt with a dozen, and make girls believe
They adore them, and then go and laugh in their sleeve.
If I had my will—oh, you unfeeling elves,
I'd make you get married in spite of yourselves.
Oh, let me not waste the best days of my life,
But take me at once and I'll make a good wife.

Spoken.—Most admirably I will, so that you should bless my very existence—kiss the ground I walk upon—in fact, your life would be a perfect heaven upon earth—you'd fancy I was Venus, and I'd imagine you Mars—our little progeny (if we had any) should be our cherubims and seraphims—we'd be an immortal mortal family of gods and goddesses surrounded in clouds, if it were only clouds of smoke from your *twopenny cheroot*.

So I wish, &c.

Fair is the Rose.

Fair is the Rose, yet fades with heat or cold
Sweet are the violets, yet none grow old;
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done,
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun
So white, so sweet, was my fair mistress's face,
Yet alter'd quite in one short hour's space;
So short-liv'd beauty a vain gloss doth borrow.
Breathing delight to-day, but none to-morrow.

CARD PARTIES.

An Original Comic Song, Sung by Mr. G. Ford.
J. A. Hardwick.
Air.—Dichy Birds.

This life is very like the games with packs of cards we play,
Tho' perhaps a pack of nonsense I'm dealing out you'll sey;
I'm not a fortune-teller for such arts (hearts) I've no regards
But "make your game," now gentlemen while I deal out the cards."

CHORUS.

Mind how you PLAY YOUR CARDS, for you'll find where'er you go,
To WIN by TRICKS or HONOURS is the GAME with HIGH and LOW.

Young children play on "all fours," and pugilists at "all fives,'t
With "knave good hands," and running cards, the thief at "cribbage," thrives;
At "hazard" plays the swindler, cut and shuffle is his aim,
The sportsman "clears the pool," and with the "pack secures the game.

In life's game at "speculation, artful cards" past dullards shoot,
The lawyer, without CHANCE, SIR, HE (Chancery) can win at any suit;
With the broker its "beggar my neighbour," he HOLD THE CRIB and OUT HE WALK S,
The milkmaa plays his oards to 'score the board,' and WINS BY CHALKS.

In the game of "Matrimony," the HIGH for HONOUR stick,
COURT CARDS, PLAY DIAMONDS 'GAINST HEARTS with many a shuffling trick;
When tired of their "partners," the ladies leave their "hubs,"
And console themselves with DIAMONDS, the gentlemen with CLUBS.

In John Bull's MATCH with Russia his opponents he did trounce,
The GAME THEY PLAYED with him was "put,' FULL of BOUNCE;
The "play it fluctuated," and he did "lose many a leg,"
But with them as at "blind all fours," at last they had to "beg."

Our soldiers are all trumps they can lead or follow suit,
Thev're game the game to win trom the General to recruit;
And cur tars they pegged away making holes the Czar did feel,
The foe couldn't take Jacks knave he (navy) nor make him cut for Deal.

Our living is like cards too rich people get high game,
Continually while poor ones, always low, remain the same?
But John Bull, whatever turns up is never in the dumps,
Tho' he's no King of Court Cards his Queens the best of trumps.

Shus, thro' life's rubbers we rub on, till hur adversary—fate,
Revokes to him and plays the deuce with lowly ones and great?
We throw up our hands go in the final hole the game is past,
We shuffle off this mortal coil and spades are trumps at last.
Then mind how yu play, &c.

A ROW AMONG THE STATUES,

An Ooiginal Comic Song, Sung by Mr, George Ford,
Air.—"Cuy Faux"

Strange things we see: sometimes at night while going home by moonlight (moonlight,
And characters who dare to show themsrlves by
Now I saw the London statutes for profound deliberation (consultation.
In Trafalgar Square all met one night to hold a

CHORUS.

Oh, dear oh,
There are more things in Heaven and earth than people know

They'd not collected long before they all began a quarreling, (were hurling,
And as they did in life charges, at each other
There being a dearth ,of water where they come from, most dismounting (caeh fountain,
With cop per hot soon emptied out the bason of

Kings Charles the Ist and 2nd they began the row each frowning
Ssys merry Charles. you died, and ne'er left me the world a crown in,
Said Myrtar Charles, you,d never been alive man but for me sir, was up a tree sir.
Cries the merry Monarch, it was thr'o you If

Said George the 3rd to ditto 4th under odium still you rie sir, thats a lie sir,
Says the first gentleman in Europe to his father
I made fitz sub'ects everywhere thats more than yeu did one day, on,a Monday
And I did'nt string the people up bydozens

The Duke of York and William IV. were snarling at each other,
Said Clarence—"York, you're wanted—here's a creditor, dear brother."
"Oh, I'll pay you," says the other. "But," cried William, "keep your distance,
You talk of PAYING ME, YOU NEVER DID IT IN EXISTENCE."

Lord Nelson didn't seem to think much of the French alliance.
And wished he was alive again to bid our foes defiance.
Then he'd a message telegraph to every Admiral's station,
To say, if he'd a daughter, not to LEAVE HER TO THE NATION.

The Duke from the Exchange and Constitution Hill, by the others.
Was called old nosey, and a libel on the Corsican Brothers;
Take off the sheet, come down, and let your boots the brigade clean 'em,
Oh there's a pair of Wellingtons without a soul between 'em.

Suddenly they heard a scream from Queen Anne, mutilated,
Achilles, it appears, love in his ears she had 'sinuated;
But like another Joseph, he of virtue did exhibit his,
And being repulsed she charged the statue with her of taking liberties.

Indignantly Achilles he denied the soft impeachment,
And asked if a woman of her age morality to preach meant?
Says he, its not so likely, why you're minus hand and toes, marm,
And, as you've none to do it with, you can't turn up your nose, marm.

The Duke of Kent and Bedford jumped up behind the iron Duke,
The sailor King, to give him a hand, Nelson's grappling iron took,
George Canning held on to Arch Duke's horses' big tail,
And George the 4th, undutifully, swung by his daddy's pigtail.

Then all at once I heard a roar, the lion woke up ramping,
On Northumberland house and down he sprung, and set the statues scamping,
I tried to run, when lo!—'twas all a dream, it did appear, sir,
I'd slumbered in Trafalgar-square, and bellowing in my ear, sir,
Was oh dear oh,
Two blue guardians of the night—oh, dear oh,
Oh, dear oh,
Twas all thro' dining out and getting how come you so.

LORD PAM'S NEW REFORM BILL.

New Comic Song, Hardwick.

Air.—Villkins and Dinah.

It's of a great statesman, who in England does dwell,
For joking so famous which he loves so well;
His name it is Pammy, turned sixty years old,
With a very fair share of assurance and gold.

CHORUS.

Singing go along Palmy lets have no delay,
There' s no going backward at this time of day,
Let all foriegn countries mill as they will,
But speedily give us the New Reform Bill.

Now as Palmy was walkiug Spring gardens one day,
He met with Disraeli and to him did say—
Go address your small party and tell them I pray,
With a New Reform Bill I am now on my way.
Singing that's the style, &c.

Oh Palmy, cried Dizzy, for that we've no mind,
For extending the Franchise we dont feel inclined
But all oppositions we'll gladly give o'er,
If you'll put your bill off for a few sessions more.
singing don't do that, &c.

Go go coldest sneerer our bold premier cried,
Since you want consent to move on with the tide,
I give you fair notice and all of your kin,
You shant reap the benefit of office going in.
Singing stick to that, &c.

As Lord John was walking Spring Gardens around,
He saw Dizzy lying dead beat on the ground,
With a cup of cold milk from the cows by his side,
And the receipe showing how his scant hair he died.
Singing wake up Lord Johnny, &c.

Then he pinched Ben's Jew corpse a dozen times o'er,
And thought his friend Dizzy indeed was no more
Then called the police, then in charge him he gave,
And Ben's now in a sort of political grave,
Singing mind your work, &c.

The last that was heard of Mr. Disraeli,
He was writing for Moses some puff poetry,
And a funeral oration on himself if he died,
Copied from a French work lying damned by his side.
Singing move along, &c.

MORAL.

Now all yau old Tories who mean to oppose,
Lord Pam's New Reform Bill mind how far you goes,
And all you young members with the speaker your eyes on,
That the country remember that Reform Bill relies on.

Singing go along Palmy lets have no delay,
It wont do, going backward at this time of day,
Let all foreign nations mill on as they will,
But speedily give us that new Keform Bill.

AS PENSIVE CHLOE.

As pensive Chloe walked alone,
The feathered snow came softly down,
Like Jove descending from his bower,
To court her in a silver shower.

The wanton flakes flew to her breast,
As little birds unto their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief dissolved into a tear.

Thence falling on her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

The Bridal Day.

Written by Thomas Ramsay.

Air.—Before the Bells do ring.

The moon had climb'd the heavens, and ligthed up the grove,
And thus an ardent rustic youth express'd his earnest love,
To-morrow is our wedding day, and time is on the wing,
And I'll be home to claim my bride, before the bells do ring.
Yes, I'll be, &c.

The morning came, the village friends array'd her for the church,
The time past fast, no Harry came, ah! he's left thee in the lurch,"
A busy village gossip cried, O! what a shameful thing,
He promised he would claim his bride, before the bells do ring.

Better late than never, the bridesmaids cried, for see
Yonder's Harry with his friends, now tripping o'er the lea;
A fresh cull'd posy in his hand, he to his bride doth bring,
Crying, see I've come to claim my bride, before the bells do ring.

Pure, and guileless innocence, had lighted up the banns,
Affection, truth, and constancy, had joined their hearts and hands,
The village maidens strew'd their path with flow'rets of fresh spring,
And as they left the rustic church, the wedding bells did ring.

The Rule of Contrary, or it takes Nine Men to make a Tailor.

Original—By E. Green.

I suppose you've all heard in our fore-father's plan,
How nine full grown tailors but make one real man!
Now against the assertion you'll find I'm no railer,
While I prove it takes nine men to make one real tailor.

As a Soldier he's famous for *handling the steel*,
Talk of *basting the foe* why he *bastes* a great deal;
And with nautical skill, tho' his head is not stored,
As a Sailor he's seen *some warm pressing on board*.

Now to touch on the Clergy, believe me, I'm loth,
Yet who can deny that he's *one of the cloth*,
And while mending your old coats and trousers by gole, he
Will show you at once that *his calling is hol(e)y*.

As a Gardner he's well known the *cabbage for growing*,
Still he hides the *main plant* its *small cuttings* while showing.
Then your debts he'll collect, nor let scamps prove your ruin,
For he gets the best part of his living by *sewing*.

As a shrewd Navigator he comes next in force,
For still by the *needle he keeps on his course*,
As a Cook too, no doubt, he'll be found of some use,
For he's had large experience at *roasting the goose*.

He's a great Speculator in *lines* it appears,
For he seldom *cuts out* without *taking up shears*,
As a Lover I'm sure too he gains some repute,
For he's not at all backward in *pressing his suit*.

So a *Gardner* and *Parson* you'll find if you look,
A *Lover*, a *Gambler*, and likewise a *Cook*,
A shrewd *Navigator* a *Soldier* and *Sailor*,
With a sharp debt *Collector* the nine makes a Tailor.

Mild as the Moonbeams.

Solo Arbaces. To death, mid burning sands Arbaces flies,
Trio Oh heed my tears! O, listen to my sighs Stay, Arbaces, stay.
Solo Arbaces To death I go; so, I cannot stay
Quartet. Mild as the moonbeams which on fountains tremble,
And sad as nightingales that mourn their young.

Afloat on the Ocean.

Afloat on the ocean my day gaily fly;
No monarch on earth is more happy than I.
Like a bright, brilliant star my trim bark
seems to me,
As sparkling in glory, she skims o'er the
sea.
The wave is my kingdom, all bend to my
will,
And Fate seems ambitious my hopes to
fulfil.
Tra la la la la, &c.

The sea was my birth-place, the morn
was all bright,
When from a proud galley I first saw the
light;
The land I first trod was the home of the
vine,
Hence, born on the sea, I dost on good
wine;
While I sail o'er the one, if the other be
there,
A fig for Dame Fortune, I'll laugh away
care.
Tra la la la la, &c.

The Standard Bearer.

Upon the tented field a minstrel knight,
Beside his standard, lonely watch is
keeping.
And thus, amid the stillness of the night,
He strikes his lute, and sings while all
are sleeping:
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows
were spoken."
Beneath the flag, &c.

The night is past, the conflict comes with
dawn,
The minstrel knight is seen each foe
defying;
While death and carnage onward still are
borne,
His song is heard 'mid thousands round
him dying:
"The lady of my love I will not name,
Altho' I wear her colours as a token,
But I will fight for liberty and fame,
Beneath the flag where first our vows
were spoken."
Beneath the flag, &c.

Stern Death, now sated, quits the gory
plain;
The life-blood from the warrior hand is
streaming;
Still on his flag he rests his head with pain,
And faintly sings, his eye with fervour
beaming:
"The lady of my love I will not name,
I still preserve her colours as a token;
I fought and fell, for liberty and fame,
And never has my knightly vow been
broken."
And never has, &c.

Jim Baggs, the Musician.

Written by John Lubera.

Tune.—Drops of Brandy.

I'm a musical genus in rags—
I beats the great music chaps hollow;
My natural name is Jim Baggs.
But they call me the Modern Happollo.
I takes all the nobs by surprise,
Vith my clarynet hinstrumentation—
On the continent—lor' bless your eyes!—
I've created a stunning sensation.
I'm a musical genus in rags—
I plays in an out-an-out manner—
No gammon in me—I'm Jim Baggs,
And I never stirs under a tanner!

I commands a respectable mob,
Vith harmony I makes 'em tremble—
You should hear me play 'Soloman Lob,'
Vot's sung by Miss Adelaide Kemble.
I'm known from the East to the South—
They can't get such notes from another;
I can play hairs vun side of my mouth,
And hovertures, too, on the t'other.

Sometimes vhen I'm out on my beat,
My strains overcome their resistance—
I'm paid to go in the next street,
'Cos my music sounds best at a distance.
I vunce soften'd a hoverseer's heart—
And that vas a job far from silly—
He into the vorkhouse did dart,
And served out doodle jorum by skilly.

All Londen I daily do plase,
And strike up a hair very clever,
Vhere the roads are all kiver'd with straw,
And the knockers are tied up in leather.

The flunkies all arter me stalk,
If they don't vish their master's a croaker,
And ax me parlitely to valk,
So I does—vhen they forks out the *oker*,
In ten flats I vance play'd a *hair*,
At the Hopperer House 'twas decided—
But they vos the greatest *flats* there,
'Cos they thought lesser of it than I did,
I never plays common-place *hairs*,
But into the classical dashes—
Such as Balfe's famous 'Gettin' up stairs,'
And the 'Cat's march out of the ashes.'

Some folks vouldn't cut me so short,
Nor see me go through half sich trials,
If they had an idea I'd been taught
By Siggnor Bill Smith on the Dials,
I don't know vhat ails 'em, by goles!
They're a parcel of shabby garushers—
No music they've got in their souls,
Excepting the soles of their Blutchers.

T'other night, down in vun of the squares,
(And precious ungrateful I took it!)
Arter playing them five or six *hairs*,
They chuck'd thrums out, and told me to hook it!
I begun rather rusty to kick,
To be treated in that kind of manner,
So I stuck to the house like a brick,
'Till the family made up the tanner!

Then patronize old Jemmy Baggs—
My toggery arn't wery splendid,
But talent's found often in rags—
(If they're coppers I shan't feel offended.)
When I'm dead I knows how it'll be,
You'll be sorry you sarv'd me so shabby,
You'll all go in morning for me,
Yes, and lay me in Vestminster *Hab*bey.

I should like to Marry.

A Popular Parody, written by John Labern.

Oh, I should like to marry—
That is, if I could find
Any rich old lady
Wot's ugly, lame, and blind.
If she togg'd herself out dashing,
To make herself look gay,
She'd not look very splashing,
So no fear she'd run away.

Oh, I should like her hair,
Quite grey upon her nob;
I should like her, too, to wear
A cap they call a mob.
I'd raythor have her short,
With a mug all sour and surly,
And, to finish her, she ought
To have a nose that's curly.
he must keep a nobby dwelling,
With scores of flunkies near,
While I about am swelling,
With her thousand pounds a-year.
She musn't wish to have
The fingering of the *tin*—
Though I won't be angry with her,
If she kill'd herself with gin!

I'm sure she'll never grumble
With advantages like these—
And I'd most forgot to mention
I must whack her when I please,
Now isn't this good natur'd?
And ain't I just the pal,
With qualities so *striking*,
To suit some rich old gal?

Charming May.

Music published by Jeffreys and Co., Soho Square

Oh, charming May; oh, charming May;
Fresh, fair, fair, and gay,
That com'st from thy bow'rs
Mid perfume and flowers,
Charming, charming, charming May!
Thou art spring with its wint'ry days gone by,
And summer without its scorching sky;
The sun may be bright, the storm may be free,
But the tranquil beauty of May for me.
Oh, charming May, &c.

Oh, charming May, oh, charming May
Fresh, fair, fair, and gay.
That com'st from thy bow'rs
'Mid perfume and flowers,
Charming, charming, charming May!
There is gladness and joy in thy genial face,
Fit emblem of innocence, freshness, and grace!
There is peaceful delight, to me ever dear,
In charming May, the green month of the year.

Oh! charming May, &c.

NEW AND FAVOURITE SONGS.

MOLLY, DEAR; OR, I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
Molly, dear—Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all.
Nothing earing, nothing knowing,
'Tis afther you I'm going—
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growing,
Molly, dear—Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all.
The other day I went confessin',
And I ask'd the father's blessin',
'But,' says I, 'don't give me one entirely,
For I fretted so last year,
But the half o' me is here,
'So give the other half to Molly Brierly.'
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
Molly, dear—Molly, dear,
My appetite's so small.
I once could pick a goose,
But my buttons are no use—
Faith, my tightest coat is loose,
Molly, dear—Molly, dear,
And I'm not myself at all.
If thus it is I waste,
You'd better, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away entirely;
If you don't soon change your mind,
Not a bit of me you'll find,
And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierly?
Oh, I'm not myself at all!

THE MAIDS OF MERRY ENGLAND.

Tune—Merry Bells of England.

Oh, the maids of merry England, so beautiful and fair,
With eyes like diamonds sparkling, and richly flowing hair—
Their hearts are light and cheerful, and their spirits ever gay,
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

They are like the lovely flowers in summer time that bloom
On the sportive breeze, shedding their choice and sweet perfume,
Our eyes and hearts delighting with their varied array,
The merry maids of England, how beautiful are they.

They smile when we are happy, when we are sad they sigh—
When anguish wrings our bosoms, the tear they gently dry.
Oh, happy is the nation that owns their tender sway,
The maids of merry England, how beautiful are they!

Then ever like true patriots may we join both heart and hand,
To protect the lovely maidens of this our fatherland,
And that Heaven may ever bless them we all devoutly pray,—
Oh, the merry maids of England, how beautiful are they!

THE RED CROSS BANNER.

RECITATIVE.

England, it still the patriot fires,
That warmed the bosom of their sires,
Dwell with thy sons what heart can fail,
Long as their banner floats above the gale
The red cross banner proudly free,
Still throbbing for liberty.

AIR.

When first on Albion's sea-girt shore,
Her foot fair Freedom pressed,
Its hills and vales she warmed o'er,
And thus the sail she blessed;
"Land of the fair, the free, the brave,
Rule through the rolling sea;
There let the red cross banner wave,
The foremost of the free.
There let, &c.

Forth flew the word from pole to pole,
A conquered world can tell,
As yet, where'er the billows roll,
We've kept our charter well.
There's not a shore the ocean laves,
But freedom there may see,
That England's red cross banner waves
The foremost of the free.
That England's, &c.

And while one single shred will fly,
Left by its glories past,
England must lift that banner high,
Must nail it to the mast.
For England sure will sit in shame,
And dark her doom will be,
If e'er a vaunting foe can claim,
The empire of the sea.
If e'er, &c.

THE MERRY DAYS OF OLD.

The merry days—the merry days,
When hawk and hound were nigh—
When gallant lords, and ladies fair,
Drew sport from earth and sky.
The horn resounding through the dell,
Forth rode the Barons bold—
Oh, those indeed were merry days—
The merry days of old.

When ruddy health and laughing joy
Illum'd the maiden's face—
And 'twas her pride, on palfrey free,
To follow in the chase,
To dare the summer's scorching heat,
To brave the winter's cold—
Oh, these indeed, &c.

When troubadours and masquers gay,
In castle halls would stand,
And wake the song to willing ears,
Of knights in Holy Land.
When winter brought its wassail bowl,
To keep the heart from cold—
Oh, those indeed were merry days,
The merry days of old!

THE OLD VILLAGE CHIMES.

New Ballad, for Music. J. A. Hardwick.

Oh, dear remembered village chimes,
How sweet ye sung, in olden times,
When, listening to your solemn rhymes,
I lie beneath the trees;
Thro' long and happy summer days,
Where green boughs marred the sunlights rays,
I thought ye far-off Angel's lays,
And spirit melodies!

I hear the sound of pealing bells
In towns, but oh, no pealing swells,
Like when I heard, by flowery dells,
Your echoes, o'er the hills.
How oft, by night, in broken dreams,
An echo of thy music seems,
To take me back to native streams,
And shining flowing rills!

Thus memory childhoods' treasures hoard,
That in our hearts are richly stored;
How little strikes the hidden chord,
Recalling olden times,
Tho' to your sound I've bade adieu,
The ivy-covered turret, too,
Yet, dearly I remember you
Ye quaint old village chimes!

ENGLAND, FAREWELL.

Ballad. Hardwick.

Air:—"Banks & Braes."

Farewell, dear England's happy shore,
I leave thee, now, sweet land we part,
And go to join my band, once more,
With sword, high hopes, and swelling heart.
Thy moss-grown towers and lady's bowers,
Perchance I never more shall see;
The breeze is up; the parting cup,
I drink, and pledge farewell to thee.
The breeze is up, &c.

My heart is sad, and thoughts of home
Rise quickly in thy warrior's breast;
The restless town o'er which I roam,
Can ne'er give joy or give me rest.
In foreign lands—mid daring bands,
I perhaps may win a hero's fame,
But if I die, my last faint cry,
Shall be my own fair England's name.
In foreign lands, &c.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

Ballad. Hardwick.

"Air.—Gentle Mother dear."

Oh, if I were a lady,
How happy I would be,
To dwell in some sweet little vale
Beside the deep blue sea.
There I would sing the morning hymn,
My toilet on the grass;
My bath should be the limpid stream,
That bubbling stream my glass.
Oh, I would be—yes I would be,
A lady I would be.

I would not sign for gold or gems,
Or jewels gorgeous glare,
But a lily and a young moss-rose,
I'd bind around my hair.
No rouge or carmine on my cheek
Should mock life's early hours;
Nor painted would I be, but by
That heaven that paints the flowers.
Oh, I would be—oh, I would be
A lady fair I'd be.

Nor costly balm and frankincense
Upon the ground should fall,
The odour of the new-mown hay,
Is sweeter far than all.
No rich rare waters I would choose,
To scent my shiny bowers;
The richer perfumes I would use
Should be the lovely flowers.
Oh, I would be—oh, I would be,
A lady fair I would be.

And there should be green pastures,
And there my lambs should play,
And there I'd dance upon the green,
The long bright summer day.
And Ralph should be my husband then,
No more to drive the team;
My mother calls—I must away,
Ah me; it's but a dream.
I ne'er shall be—shall never be,
A lady ne'er shall be.

ANSWER TO THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

By L. M. Thornton,

Air.—"Postman's Knock."

I've reason to think as you soon will perceive,
What a wonderful being the man
That comes with his letters, his fiery coat,
Cockade, and his thrilling RAN TAN.
He brought me a letter, 'twas from a young beau,
Who long had beheld me with pride,
At least so it told me, and trusted that soon
I'd make him a life-loving bride.
Saturday morning, while ten went the clock,
My Fortune was made by the postman's knock!

Of course I the strictest enquiries made
And found all he told me was true,
Yea more that ten thousand bright guineas had
And mansion with beautiful view;
I told him as soon as I saw him that I
Though prudent, was poor as could be,
He said I was rich in myself and he hoped
In a month a true partner to see.
Saturday morning while ten went the clock,
My fortune was made by the postman's knock.

He married me true to the month and the day,
I'm a wife with a beautiful home,
Don't think then ye postmen who take such glad news,
That your day is not likely to come,
Suppose your red-coat should e'er dazzle the eyes
Of a maiden with thousands in store,
That your knock finds an echo within her fair breast,
As it finds its resound from the door.
That would be a morning, while ten went the clock,
That gave you a FORTUNE for giving a KNOCK.

NEW & FAVOURIE SONGS

A DREAM OF THE TIMES.

Sung by Mr. G. Ford. J. A. Hardwick.

Air.—Adam and Eve.

I'd been one night to see the wizard,
And after supped on kidneys and gizard,
At Hungerford Hall and the Cyder Cellers,
With a party of social jovial fellows.
Now, whether it was the night o'er foggy,
Or the supper, I'm sure I wasn't groggy;
But, arrived at home, there passed before me
A curious vision I'll lay before ye;

CHORUS.

Listen, and you'll find my theme, sirs,
A domestic and political dream, sirs.

I dreampt that Parliament had assembled,
And a beer-garden the place resembled,
Lord John, as a 'Spirit-rapping medium,'
Was calling up ghosts from a phantom region.
The spirits underneath the table
Made the house a regular Tower of Babel;
Till the ghosts of many a dead place seeker,
Doused the lights and bonnetted the speaker.

Away rushed minister and reporters,
Hurrying scurrying from all quarters;
While the spirits inside played up old Harry.
And threatened to smash the work of Barry.
Lord Melbourne, Wellington, Peel, and Canning,
Were a coalition cabinet planning,
Then sung comic songs, those buried staid men,
With a grave chorus of 'Down among the Dead Men.'

I dreampt the next Lord Mayor was Moses,
And all the Aldermen had hooked noses;
Mr. Sheriff Levy had become Chief Baron,
And wore six swapped old hats his hair on.
Lots of Jewish M.P.'s calling 'old clo,' were,
In the day, till the House met, down to go there,
And the Hebrew Lord Chancellor, with pencils,
In his court was bawling out, 'Who'll give me angel?'

I saw Cruikshank and J. B. Gough, in
A dreadful state, hot brandy quaffing,
Where King Cliegnot who lately ceased to reign, had
Taken the Giant's Stores in Drury Lane had.
They went out on a Temperance Mission,
And the two were in such a condition;
That both, their latch-keys, unable to stand, sir,
Were poking at the pillar post in the Strand, sir.

I dreampt at a show of Model Babbies,
The mothers were fighting just like tabbies,
About the prizes being distributed,
And I hope another won't be exhibited.
I saw the men of sophistications,
Made to live on their own adulterations:
And I saw Temple Bars removal planned, sirs,
To admit Balloon dresses into the Strand, sir.

I dreampt the Russians were sacking London,
And our merchant princes were all undone!
Bright, Cobden, and the whole peace party,
Were welcoming the Czar quite hearty.
I left so wild with each deceiver,
That I seized Bright's quaker broadbrim beaver,
And was lugging him off amidst derision,
When I woke, and lo!—'twas a nightmare's vision.

So up, with perspiration steaming,
I started from my political dreaming.

THE DREAM OF JEREMY DIDDLER.

New Comic Politico Song. Hardwick. Sung by Mr. G. Ford.

Air.—Dream of Daedulus.

I'm all in a flutter, and scarcely can utter,
The words to my tongue that come dancing come dancing,
For I've had such a dream that it really would seem,
To incredulous ears like romancing, romancing.
No doubt it was brought on by sherry and port on
The tables, that got in our noddles, our noddles,
I saw in a slumber, a very great number
Of people we think are all models, all models.

I thought I saw Prince Al., at our National Gall.,
Walking off on the sly, with the pictures, the pictures;
And the pepperbox sold, by the Auctioneer bold,
To the Jews, with the statues and fixtures, and fixtures.
Then the ghost of old Vernon the gas there did turn on,
His legacy of paintings to find 'em to find 'em,
And he yelled with despair, when he found they had there
To the darkest of Cellars consigned, 'em consigned 'em.

I dreampt that the shindy in burning hot Indy,
Was quelled by East India Directors, Directors
And our brave British boys, all the murdering Sepoys,
Had sent to the devil death spectres, death spectres.
I saw that their chartre, nobs still ankered arter,
But Parliament cried out—All gammon, all gammon,
Howe'er you may fret it, don't you wish you may get it,
You sold us thro' lust of base mammon, vile mammon.

Next I thought the Iron Duke with a terrible look
Jumped down off the arch and went striding went striding;
Up to the house guards, and soon squared their yards,
When Noodles he gave a fierce chiding, fierce chiding,
And General Napier, too, he did draw near to,
And shook his fist at him, quite scaring, quite scaring,
And said Oh you duffers, you military duffers,
Of this I gave you timely warning, good warning.

I imagined Charles Kean, up a penny machine,
At a country fair lasty was swinging, was swinging,
And Lord Pam and Russell displaying their muscle
At three sticks a penny, were flinging, were flinging.
But the fun of the fair, and the best I saw there,
Was Cobden and Bright, loudly screeching, loud screeching.

As two fighting men, in a pugilistic den,
The science of self defence teaching, both teaching,

I dreampt the Lord Mayor, a blow out of good fare,
For all the shoeblacks had provided, provided,
And as well as the Brigade, the others might trade,
And with them street custom divided divided.
And retired Lord Robert, Grosvenor there did bob at,
The boys and spoke honied words thrilling, so thrilling,
And a new suit of clothes, he ordered for those,
Who had none, and gave each lad a shilling, a shilling,

I dreampt Emperor Nap. with an acrobat chap,
Was Leicester-square twirling a pole in, pole in
And to get 'em a pot, as they seemed rather hot,
The tin gave Mazziui and Rollin, and Rollin,
Then Coxwell's balloon, I saw go to the moon,
With a lot of Atlantic huge cable, huge cable,
And all news from there instead of down here
To talegraph now they'll be able quite able

I dreampt from foul waters rose Ratcatchers
All eager a fellow to towel to towel, [daughter
For disturbing the dead where so long had they
And hanuted the sleep of Sam Cowell laid,
Then Julian and Hullah as two men of colour
Were fiddling to Queen Pomare Pomare
And Barnum had brought a whistling tortoise
A novelty from the South sea the South sea.

I saw noble fellows were all of them jealous
To go out to India to free it to free it
As of each slaughtered child they thought their blood boiled
And very glad I was to see it to see it
I could mention a ream more I saw in my dreom
But fear you might fancy it gammon all gammon
I'd been dining out so I have,nt a doubt
It was the effects of the salmon the salmon

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

An Orlginal Comic Song, Sung by Mr. G. Ford.
J. A. Hardwick.
"Air:—Sprig of Shilalagh"

A middle-aged gentleman, one Mr. Green,
Who tne best half of his life in India had been
Had come home still a bachelor bilious and rich
He was deepy imbued with Hindoo superstitions,
Pythogarean doctrines of human transitions,
Had great faith in ghosts, witches, seers, goblins and ghouls,
And believed in the Transmigration of souls.
Which belief he maintained to a rather high pitch.

To insects and vermin he never gave pain,
In his house; he imagined these things might contain-
The souls of his former departed old friends
Twas not very flattering to them, but still,
He allowed his domestics no creature to kill,
The consequence was, that the mice multiplied,
And brought up large families there till they died,
So did Hoppers, that ofttimes on slumber attends,
Huge spiders spun webs but he suffered no broom [room.
To sweep down the ecbwebs surrounding his
For he thought they might once have been Legal Big-wigs, (they were.
He watched them and thought how like lawyers
Industriously catching poor flies in a snare,
That in some former state, they'd been limbs of the Law,
And felt morally certain each ecbweb he saw.
Was a small Court of Chancery, to play up their rigs.

In summer tho flies thro' his window did stream
Stuck into his butter. and fell in his cream.
But he helped them along with a feather to swim (say.
When fly-papers were mentioned he'd instantly
What, destroy them? how do I know who are they?
For instance, that bluebottle buzzing up there,
Mighl bi my rich uncle who made me his hier,
it's not very likely I'm goins to squash him.

To the anger of Betty, he encouraged the cats,
Enticing them in with a small dish of sprats,
And said, when she run out to them with a stick
You see that grey whiskered, big tabby so staid,
She might, perhaps have been once, some crusty old maid;
And those other two rowing in the back yards,
May be two old Dowagers quarrelling at cards,
And tho' changed, still disputing about the odd trick.

When urged to get rid of the troublesome mice,
He'd say no, he would'nt adopt such advice,
They might have been starved curates, onee upon earth, (duce,
His maid Betty, wished him and them at the
And trapped them but Mr. Green soon let them
And sternly said to her while letting one go (loose
That might be your grandmother, girl how do know;
We die, and in other forms, have a new birth.

Mr. Green being such an ecentric man,
Aud his mania well known twas the little boys plan [him,
To bring all the blind puppies, and kittens to
He saved them from drowning and fattened them up, (pup
For, says he, who can tell if some kitten or
May not be a dead cousin, or uncle or annt,
Transformed for their sins, and destroy them I shant, (grim
Even souls of great men may inhabit things

At last his menagerie got such a pest,
No servant would stay, and he got no night rest,
His animal family increased to such shoals,
Dogs bit him, cats scratched spiders spun to hi nose,
Blackbeetles ran o'er him, rats nibbled his toes.
So he turned them adrift, and abandoned the place (trace,
Got married and now in his mind there's no
Of belief in the Transmigration Transmigration
Of belief in the transmigration &c.